Besotted

a zine of romance novel excerpts

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“Ah, an erroneous [sic] zone. Even though he knew the reason, he needed to know and wanted to know if she was mostly afraid of being mated to him. The idea of this had popped into his head and tempered his lust.”

“You control what you give to others, not the other way around.”

“‘Tonight, neither of us will be denied,’ he murmurs confidently. ‘Of that, I am certain.’”

“He readied his Glock.”

“His worthy-of-a-romance-novel hard-on speared between my legs.”

“I look away so I’m not staring but sneak a glance before his shirt covers his muscular physique.”

“This is going to hurt.”

“She feels wet, and is getting wetter with each tap.”

“Like a ninja he takes my pussy, storming it like he’s conquering an invading army.”

“I’m just here for the
dick and the snacks.”

“I can’t deny the attraction, pull, desire, fiery, fiery need. It’s not letting go of me. Mr. Right isn’t supposed to show up, kill vampires, then let me ride him all over Chicago like my personal steed after rescuing my best friend. Or maybe, apparently, he is.”

“The sounds of his slurping up my juices brought me to a frenzy.”

“Dinnae ken lassie kilt fook.”

“‘I mean, ICE is basically kidnapping people off the street at this point…’ ‘I got my visa through the kennel I work at. Let me see if I can get you one, too!’ ‘But I hate dogs.’ […] ‘The owners are cool and I know when I explain your situation, they’ll be open to helping you apply for an H-1B. It’ll work out!’”

“Two that merge into one. It turns my brain to mush, and my limbs become weak, like every part of my body has given into the pleasure and melted.”

“After Meriwether died, John Pernia’s wages were in arrears because my forefather was in so much fucking debt. Pernia continued on to Monticello to ask Thomas Jefferson to pay them, but was refused…”

“It’s all I can do not to whip out my dick and piss all over her.”

“I shouldn’t have followed her home. … The last thing my Pack needs is for the Crimson Templars to find out that there is a wolf shifter to hunt in Chicago.”

“There’s a dark side to
all this shit.”

“My mother didn’t need to
know she’d raised a trollop.”

“Maybe my magical pussy
can cure your depression.”

“No panties. What?”

“Yeah, I know, a virgin at twenty-
two. Most girls my age are a lot
more experienced, but I’m not. I
shouldn’t be thinking about these
kind of things.”

“It felt as instinctual as embracing my Natural Form so I could keep up with her Uber. I watched until she was safe inside her apartment. Lingered long enough to see which lights came on and watch her through the window for a while.”

“‘I hope he drinks water, too,’ I say pointlessly as I walk towards the couch. ‘Hydration is super important.’ What the hell am I talking about? Shut up, Ansley!”

“Emotionally unavailable men should come with warning labels.”

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The end?